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THE FISHER'S RETURN.

—"Toilers of the Deep."

Each For the Other and Both for God.

(By Aldine, in 'The Advance.')

It had been a day—a long, delightful day of tender, happy, heart-felt talk; for Sylvia was soon to be a bride; and to her friend—a wife of many years, who shared and sympathized with her every hope — she had opened her heart, revealing the dear anticipations she was cherishing, concerning 'him' and the future; which, being interpreted, was 'him' also.

And yet, though the long summer day had faded, and the two women were sitting in the dusk, watching the coming of the stars, some things there were that were still unsaid. Then it was, when the shadows sheltered each conscious face from the gaze of the other, that inmost heart could speak to inmost heart, uttering those deepest, most sacred things, which they could not look into each other's eyes and say.

Sylvia, resting on a cushion at the feet of the older woman, and leaning her head against her knee, spoke softly, wistfully.

'You have told me much that will help me, and that I shall be happier to remember always, and yet—'

'Yes, dear,' in a tone of invitation from the other.

But these were timid thoughts, reluctant to shape themselves to speech, and for a little time there was silence. Then, as a sympathetic hand rested softly on her hair, she ventured—

'When you and your husband first loved each other—as we do — and promised to share one another's lives, you looked for happiness in the spending of your lives together?'

'Yes, Sylvia, we were sure—as you are—that to unite our lives would bring us happiness.'

There was a moment's pause; then the low questioning went on.

'And is it possible for people to realize—do not answer, if I venture too far in my asking — have you, in your married life known such happiness as you thought to find in one another?'

Low and sweet was the voice that gave answer; and thrilling with deep feeling:

'Sylvia our life of married companionship has lasted now for almost twenty years; years that have brought us the severe as well as the sweet realities of human experience. There have been times of struggle to escape poverty; and other times when the burden of ill-health was long-endured. Then, too, the weary routine of every-day work and worry, that so often of itself is sufficient to wear away all the grace and beauty from life, leaving it threadbare and common. And in one bitter year, as you know, we parted with both our loved children. All these have been ours to bear and to share, and yet—this I say truly, and with deep thankfulness to God—the years that we have shared have brought to me far more, far deeper and truer happiness than I had ever thought or hoped to know; for the love that came to us when we were young, that led us to unite our lives, has never changed. As it glorified those early years, so it has endured to bless all the years that since have passed, until to-day, out of a full heart I can utter this assurance, that we love one another more and better than on any yesterday. Whatever of trial has been laid upon us, whatever of joy has been withheld, this always has remained our sure possession, beyond the power of life's cruelest touch.'

Sylvia breathed softly a happy sigh.

'It is so beautiful,' she said, 'this reality of a life-long love. If my heart's desire could be mine for the asking, this is the one gift I would ask of life, that the love which has been given to me, which makes life now so glad and sweet, should be mine always; should endure and abide through all of life's experiences, unmarred, untouched by time or change. And yet'—a note of sadness quivered in her voice—'it is not always so; I think sometimes it is not often so. Is it something that could be shared—might I hope to know it from you—this secret of the lasting happiness that is yours, while so many lose or miss it altogether?'

'Dear child,' the answer came at length, 'truly the one supreme blessing that can crown the life of any woman is a faithful, unfailing, unchanging love. If to share with you the secret of my own unbroken happiness can help you to reach like blessedness, I may not withhold it. And yet to unfold this secret is to approach with words sweet and sacred experiences of which I never thought to speak.

'It seems but a little time ago that the knowledge came to me that I was loved, and when with happy, hopeful eyes I looked into the future. Into John's keeping I was ready to surrender myself, my life, and all my interests, without doubt or fear; assured that with him my future would be as safe as human power could make it. I had long known him as a true and steadfast man, the basis of whose character was faith in God and fidelity to duty.

'One shadow only dimmed the brightness of my anticipations, and it was this: the fear that when closer association should bring to my husband a fuller knowledge of my character, and of all it lacked; and should reveal to him my many faults and defects, that then his love, which had come to be the joy of living, would chill and change and slip from my possession. Even to my marriage day the shadow of this fear followed me.

'In planning for our marriage John had expressed the desire that we might have a little time, just with and for each other, before we should take up the routine of every-day life; and so we went away together for a week. It was a very modest little trip, including none of the accompaniments of the modern wedding journey. Our arrangements provided for nothing more than a stay in a remote village on the edge of a lonely, lovely lake in Minnesota, where we might spend our days out of doors, among the lakes and forests.

'Those seven summer days with one another, away from all the world, are days never to be forgotten. Our stopping-place was a farm-house, close to the water's edge; and there, in the cool of the evening, upon our marriage-day, we came — we two together, and all the world withdrawn.

'I will show you some time, Sylvia, my little bible, that went with us on that wedding-journey. It is old now, and ragged past using. It was well worn then, for it was no unfamiliar thing for us to look together into its pages. I brought the little book to John, that we might receive its message of guidance as we should take our first steps into the untravelled future. But the dusk was all about us; so that there was a two-fold significance in his words, "We shall need a light, dear." So our lamp was lighted, and together we looked into those luminous pages whose brightness ever shone upon the untried and shadowy places of our life's path: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." We read the familiar words; and then, holding my hand in his strong clasp, John said:

'"Shall we pray together, dear, for God's blessing on our life?"

'Hand in hand we knelt, as we have knelt each night since; and I heard for the first time my husband's voice in prayer, a prayer for God's guidance and blessing upon us through all the years that were to come.

'When we had risen, and while our hands still joined, then, as if to link together the sacredness of worship with the sacredness of love, I felt his kiss and heard his words.

'"I love you, my wife."

'It was the first united act of our married life, this seeking the divine message, this mingling of our souls in worship, this renewal of our pledge of love. There came to me at that moment the realization that human love is so sacred a thing that Christ has used it as the image of his own relation to his Church, and remembering, I realized that into no less holy a relation we two had come to one another.

'It is upon this foundation that our happiness has rested. As this, our first day, ended, so at the close of each day since we have knelt with clasped hand before God, and never has the clasp been severed till the lips have again repeated their assurance of love. Not that our two natures, young and undisciplined, were adjusted to each other without friction or jar. For such a possibility human nature is too wayward; and of this wayward human nature neither one of us had less than a full share. So some days there were, sadly marred by carelessness and wilfulness, by hasty words, by words 'unkind or wrongly taken,' by pride and stubbornness, Humiliating though it be to own it, all these uglinesses appeared.

'Not seldom, in our earlier years, such things came to threaten the harmony of our lives—to threaten, but never to destroy, for always awaiting us, at the close of each day, was the moment—too precious after that first day, ever to be omitted or spared — when together we entered into the sanctuary of our lives to render to God the worship of our souls and to renew with each other our covenant of love.

'Many a day I can recall, through whose long hours I have carried about the hurt of a sore heart, wounded by some quick word or thoughtless act, or have endured the burden of my own conscience reproving me for some injustice or neglect. Often at these moments have I looked forward with longing to the moment of clasped hands when it would be easy to utter the contrite word, and say, "Forgive me," or, in receiving the assurance of unchanged love, to feel the hurt in my heart healed by a word. In the truth and sacredness of that moment, pride has melted to tenderness; doubt and questioning have become happy confidence; injustice and wilful misrepresentation of each other have vanished.

'And so, though days have come whose surface discord has disturbed, no day of all the years we have spent together has ended in aught but love and harmony.

'"Each for the other, and both for God," Sylvia, life lived according to the spirit of these words will bring — has brought—to married companionship a beauty and blessedness beyond all else in human experience. God grant it may be yours to know its fullest measure!'

They were sitting no longer in darkness. The late moon had risen to flood the summer night with its softened glory. Sylvia lifted her wet eyes to the face of the wife, but the tears that shone in them were not sorrowful, only tender.

'It has all grown bright while we have talked,' she said.

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but it is too late, all I crave for is the fatal drink—I am lost, lost.'

And he groaned with bitterness as he walked onwards.

Presently he stood beside the moat where in bygone days a little happy light-hearted boy used to clap his hands in glee as he watched his tiny boats sailing. There was an expression of hopeless agony on the drunkard's face as he drew near to the edge, and his voice trembled as he murmured, 'There is only one thing left for me to do, and they will never guess, no one will ever know, for the ragged outcast with bloodshot eyes, and straggling beard, would not remind anyone of the boyish-looking young man who went away two years ago. No, not even the gardener would recognize me in life, and in death it will be harder still.'

* * * * * * *

A moment later there was a dull, heavy splash, and the cold water closed over a wrecked, ruined life, and in the morning the golden sunlight shone upon a dead upturned face.

'Only a tramp,' they said, 'a ragged, worthless tramp, who was determined to put an end to his life.'

'Don't speak harshly of him' wept Mrs. Morrison when they told her, 'No one knows what temptations he may have had before he came to that. And he is somebody's son, his mother may be breaking her heart for him somewhere.'

And in the Manor House that mother is still watching and waiting for her boy who will never return, while in a corner of the village churchyard, in a pauper's grave, Ralph Morrison — 'the only son of his mother,' is awaiting the great Judgment Day when the dead shall be judged 'according to the deeds they have done in the flesh.' —Illustrated Temperance Monthly.'

The Shadow of the Rock.

(By L. L. Robinson.)

Apart in the busy school-room, with head bent low, and slowly moving finger, sat little Elice Grey, all absorbed in study.

Suddenly she paused, and over the expressive countenance flashed a quick, bright ray, as though some hidden chord within were answering gladly some touch without. Quickly the curly head was lifted, and then the soft blue eyes looking straight before them, neither to the right nor to the left, revealed that they were sightless.

It was thus that Elice had come into the world, bringing her tiny cross that was to grow with her growth, and never be lifted till the light of another world should break on the yearning eyes. And as though dwelling ever under the shadow of that cross, the fair, sweet face bore trace of thought, deep and earnest, such as childhood rarely knows.

A slender slip of a girl, it was not strange that often in the merry game she wearied sooner than others, and at such times, stealing quietly away, or whispering to some one, 'Lead, me, please, to a safe place,' she would sit listening to the happy sounds, ever patient and uncomplaining.

And all the little friends well knew what Elice meant by a 'safe place.' With the idea of security, she had ever seemed to associate that of greatness and strength, and when, with outstretched hand, she groped her dark way, instinctively she seemed to seek some lofty tree, or sheltering wall, against which to rest, assured, as she often said, that no harm could befall her while thus upheld.

But it was in the buzzing school-room that now she sat, her finger slowly moving over the raised letters of the book before her, when the quickly lifted countenance brightened by that light within, attracted the attention of her teacher.

'What is it, Elice?' she asked, as though the sightless eyes had spoken.

'Oh, Miss Agnes,' said the little one, eagerly, 'please tell me, were these words written by a little blind girl?' and rapidly she read the letters, 'L-e-a-d m-e t-o t-h-e r-o-c-k t-h-a-t-i-s-h-i-g-e-r-t-h a n I.'

'No, dear,' answered the teacher, 'they were not written by a little blind girl, but by a great and powerful king. Why do you ask?'

'Because,' said Elice, slowly, 'I thought no one but a weak little blind girl could feel that longing. It is just what I am always reaching out to find, something taller and stronger than I, against which to rest and feel safe.'

'Well, perhaps dear,' replied the teacher, gently caressing the drooping head, 'perhaps King David, though not blind in the way you mean, may yet have felt something of that same longing. There are times when even those blessed with sight and strength are blinded by sin and sorrow, and they, too, reach out for a strong, sure shelter against which to lean and feel safe. This is why God calls himself our rock of defence, so much stronger, so much higher than we, that under its protecting care safety and rest is found.'

The teacher passed on, but Elice still sat wrapped in thought, her slender finger still moving lingeringly over the letters.

'The rock that is higher than I,' she repeated softly; 'surely little children who can see their way and are never afraid cannot feel these words as I do. Whatever the good teacher may think, I believe God wrote them just for his blind children, for who else has need to be led as we.'

The bell for dismissal had sounded, and the children had filed out before Elice roused from her reverie; with unerring neatness she arranged her little desk; then, quite alone, started homeward.

The roadway leading into the little town was a shaded lane thoroughly familiar to the unguided feet; but, absorbed in thought this afternoon, Elice walked dreamily and less guardedly than was her wont. Suddenly a harsh voice recalled her.

'Why don't you look where you are going, child, and not walk into one, as if you were dreaming.'

The startled child stopped quickly, with that nervous out-reaching of the little hand, the first impulse when frightened, and immediately it came into contact with what she knew to be the form of a woman seated on the roadside.

'Excuse me, please,' said the gentle little voice, with its pathetic ring of sadness; 'I can not look where I am going, because I am blind.'

The sightless eyes were lifted for a moment to the face beside her, and over the latter swept a sudden shade of remorse.

'Blind, child?' she repeated more gently; 'I would never have guessed it; or I would have moved out of your way — but,' she added, with an accent of passionate pain, 'I, too, am blind, blind, blind.'

The little one at her side started again, as though frightened by the vehemence of the tone. 'Blind,' she repeated, with tenderest sympathy; 'you blind, too?' and instinctively her hand reached out and grasped the one near her. 'Ah, I see,' she continued, unconsciously using the familiar figure of speech, 'I see, you have no one to lead you; and perhaps you have lost your way.'

'Yes, yes,' said the other, slowly, as though speaking to herself, but with that same desolate pain ringing through her words; 'lost, that is it; I have strayed far, and lost my way.'

'Then do let me lead you,' said the child, looking earnestly into the face she could not see; 'though I am blind I know every step of the way here, and I will lead you home.'

Into the weary, haggard eyes beside her, with the sound of that word, sprang hot, rushing tears, such as had not moistened their depths for many a day.

'You lead me, little one,' she said, brokenly; 'you are too young, too small and weak.'

'Ah, I see, I know,' cried the child again, with the same bright light once more illuminating her face. 'I understand just how you feel; you want something tall and strong against which to lean, just like that poor, sad king, who said, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." You are so afraid of stumbling or falling, isn't that it?' she cried, eagerly.

The unhappy wayfarer was gazing upon the glowing countenance of the child beside her with something of deepening awe, as though listening to an angel speaking, and wonderingly now came the words from her quivering lips.

'Yes, yes, child, that is it — something stronger and higher than I to save me from stumbling and falling. But,' she cried, with sudden anguish, 'you cannot understand— it is not my eyes that are darkened, but my heart, my soul that is blinded with sin and sorrow!'

Once more that kindling intelligence flashed over the child's pure face.

'Oh, is that it?' she said quickly, 'and is that not just what my teacher said to-day? She knows all about it; it is God, then, that you want. He is the strong, sure rock for all his children blinded as you are. Oh come, do come with me. She is still in the school-room, I will lead you to her, and I know, I know that she will show you the rest of the way.'

The little hand was grasping with eager strength the one within its clasp; and as though impelled by some irresistible power, the poor wanderer arose and obeyed the pleading voice. Down the shaded lane they passed, the blind child carefully choosing her steps as though leading one more blind than she, the little hand in its spotless purity, never for a moment relinquishing its hold.

In silence they went their way, these two; the face of the one radiant with heavenly joy, that of the other wet with tears that fell unchecked on the faded cheek. In the school room, busied with her evening tasks, still sat the patient teacher, when suddenly in the door-way, stood those strange companions.

'She said she was blind, and had lost her way, Miss Agnes,' said the child's sweet voice, 'so I have brought her to you, for I knew you could help her.'

And turning away, Elice slowly retraced her darkened path, little knowing that though weak and blind, she had that day led a wanderer home, to a safe place within 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' —New York 'Observer.'

From Illinois a missionary contest, similar to the old-time spelling match, is reported in 'Home Mission Monthly.' The chosen subject was announced a month before the contest, that each member of the Endeavor Society might study as much as possible. On the appointed evening leaders were chosen, the sides selected, and twenty-five questions were asked by the pastor. When one failed to answer he was dropped and the question given to the other side. Much enthusiasm was aroused among these young people, who believe that to be thoroughly interested we must know missions as we know arithmetic and algebra.

The Love Cure.

(By Mary A. P. Stansbury.)

The windows of the great house were darkened, the door-bell was muffled, and the pavement in front strewn with rushes, while the physician's carriage waited long outside.

In the hushed chamber Mrs. Allison lay still with closed eyes. Doctor and nurse bent over her in anxious ministration, but the expression of the wan features never faltered, and, beyond a faint monosyllable elicited with difficulty in reply to a question, no words came from the pallid lips. The watchers exchanged significant glances.

'I will be back in an hour,' the doctor said, looking at his watch.

As he stepped into the hall, a waiting figure came forward to meet him.

'How is she now, doctor?'

The doctor shook his head.

'Shall we go into the next room, Mr. Allison?' said he. 'I will speak with you there.'

The two men sat down facing each other, Mr. Allison grasping the arms of his chair as if to steady himself. The lines of his strong, masterful face were drawn, and drops stood on his forehead.

'May I venture to ask you a delicate question, Mr. Allison?' said the physician. 'Can it be that some secret grief or anxiety is preying upon your wife's mind?'

'"Secret grief—anxiety"? Certainly not! My dear doctor, how could you imagine such a thing?'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Allison. It occurred to me only as a remote possibility. The facts of the case are these: The force of Mrs. Allison's disease is broken, and she is absolutely without fever. Yet she shows no sign of rallying. On the contrary, she constantly grows weaker. It is impossible to arouse her. There seems to be not only no physical response to the remedies employed, but she apparently lacks even the slightest interest in anything, including her recovery. Unless this condition be speedily changed—which appears altogether unlikely—I can no longer offer any hope. The patient is evidently drifting away from us, while we stand powerless to hold her back.'

Mr. Allison groaned aloud and laid his face in his hands. The physician rose, and, after a few sympathetic expressions, left him alone.

Meanwhile, in the sick room, the nurse busied herself with conscientious care about her charge. There was no perceptible movement in the outlines of the quiet form lying upon the bed, and the skilled watcher had no suspicion that behind the shut eyelids and apathetic features mind and spirit were still active.

'It isn't so hard to die, after all,' ran the slow current of the sick woman's thought, 'It is easier than to live. One grows tired, somehow, after so many years. It seems sweet just to stop trying, and—let go! I have accomplished so little of all I meant to do, but—the Lord understands!

'The children will miss me for a while—poor dears — but sorrow isn't natural to young people. I'm not necessary to them as I was when they were little. It would have been dreadful to leave my babies, but now—it is different. Helen has her lover—Roger is a good man, and they will be going into a home of their own before long. And Dorothy—so beautiful, and such a favorite—her friends must comfort her. And the boys — somehow they seem to have grown away from me a bit. I oughtn't to mind it. It must be so, I suppose, as boys grow into men. It will be harder for their father; but

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

'A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew,'
—'The Deserted Village,' Goldsmith.

—he is so driven at the office—especially since he went into politics—that he can't have time to mourn as he would have mourned years ago—when we were first married. How happy we were—so long—so long ago—in the little house on Carlton street, where Helen was born! Henry has been a rising man. Any woman might be proud to be his wife. Somehow I've hardly kept pace with him, but I've loved him—loved him!'

The air of the room had grown heavy and the nurse set the door ajar. A sound of suppressed voices reached her ear, and she glanced anxiously towards the bed, but the sick woman showed no sign of consciousness.

'I need not close the door,' she said to herself, 'She hears nothing.'

Once more skill and training were at fault. That which in the nurse's ears, was only an indistinct murmur, to the nerve-sense sharpened by illness slowly separated itself into words which made their way to the consciousness awake and alert in the weak frame, as if spoken along some invisible telephone-line of the spirit.

'O Helen!' Could it be Dorothy's voice so broken and sobbing? 'No hope! Did the doctor say that?'

'None, unless her condition changes — those were his words father told me.' The words dropped drearily like the dropping of water in a cave.

'But she was better yesterday!' That was Rob, the handsome young collegian, who had been summoned home when his mother's illness began to cause apprehension.

'So it seemed. But she does not rally—she takes no notice.'

'But she can't be going—to die—and leave us! She wouldn't do such a thing—Mother!' The tones of sixteen-year-old Rupert were smitten through with incredulous horror.

'I don't understand it,' answered the older sister. 'She is "drifting away," the doctor says. O Dorothy! O boys!' she said, in a low, intense voice, 'we haven't any of us looked after mother as we ought. We have always been so used to having her do for us. I have been miserably selfish since—since I had Roger. I didn't mean it, but I see it all now.'

'You haven't been one-half as selfish as I,' sobbed Dorothy. 'Here have I been rushing here and there evening after evening, and she often sitting by herself! I must have been out of my mind! As if all the parties and concerts in the world were worth so much to me as mamma's little finger!'

'And I've been so careless about writing to her regularly.' There was a break in Rob's voice. 'There was always something or other going on out of study hours, and I didn't realize. It was so easy to think mother wouldn't mind. And now—why, girls, I never could go back to college at all

if there weren't to be any more letters from mother!'

'I haven't kissed her good-night for ever so long,' said Rupert. 'I'd got a fool notion that it was babyish. I always used to think I couldn't go to bed without it. I wonder if she ever missed it. I've seen her look at me sometimes when I started upstairs. What sort of a place would this be without mother? I never could stand it—never! I should want to run away or drown myself!'

The door of the sick-room opened a little wider, and Mr. Allison entered noiselessly.

'Is there any change?' he whispered.

'Apparently none, Mr. Allison. She lies all the time like this. One hardly knows whether it be sleep or stupor.'

'How long'—the strong man, choking, left the question unfinished.

'It is hard to say,' answered the nurse pitifully. 'But she has lost much within the last twenty-four hours.'

The husband knelt at the foot of the bed, behind a screen which had been placed to shade the sick woman's face from the light, and rested his head upon the coverlet.

'My little Nellie!' he moaned, as if unconscious of any other presence in the room. 'My rose of girls—my bride—the mother of my children—the heart of my heart! Spare her yet to me, O God! that I may have time to teach her how much dearer she is to me than money or lands or honors! Take her not—'

'Mr. Allison!'

It was the nurse who touched him. There was a quiver of suppressed excitement in her voice. He rose to his feet. His wife's eyes were open—the pallid face illuminated. One wasted hand moved feebly towards him across the white counterpane. He fell again on his knees and pressed the thin fingers to his lips.

'Henry—darling,' the faint, thrilling voice seemed to come from very far away—'don't grieve any more! I'm going to get well!'

Long afterwards the doctor and nurse would sometimes recall together the unexpected recovery of Mrs. Allison.

'It was no cure of mine,' the doctor would say. 'Medicine had nothing to do with it. She was as nearly gone as she actually could be without ceasing to breathe, when she simply made up her mind to live. A marvellous cure.'

Not so marvellous, perhaps, good physician! Only a righting for once of the disordered sequence of this topsy-turvy world!

If the words of love and appreciation which beat so vainly at the closed bars of the coffin-lid, were spoken oftener into living ears, how many other weary feet might turn again from 'the valley of the shadow!'—'Advance.'

He Would be a Soldier.

'If you please, sir, I want to 'list for a soger.'

The applicant for service with the Queen's colors was a very small boy about ten years of age. The application was made to a very big soldier, with an immense moustache, who was sunning himself one evening just outside the gates of a certain West End barracks. He was a sergeant in the Guards, and looked both fierce and proud.

'Oh,' he exclaimed, looking the little fellow straight in the face without so much as a smile on his countenance, intending, at least apparently, to take the application seriously. 'What is your name?'

'Tommy Upright,' was the reply given in a trembling voice, for the bigness and fierceness of the warrior, upon whose breast hung three medals, rather took the courage out of the would-be recruit.

'Humph! Thomas Upright,' still looking at him; 'and you wish to enlist in the Guards?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Tommy, who having gone so far bravely, determined to go through with the matter.

'Very good, Thomas Upright, or Upright Thomas, as the case may be. Now, attention! Let me see if you can walk according to your name. Follow me! Quick, march!'

The word of command was given in a sharp, loud voice that was most impressive. Awestruck as Tommy was he plucked up courage and did his best to keep step with the big guardsman. This, however, was no easy task owing to the unusual length of leg in the one case and the extreme shortness in the other. He followed the sergeant into the barracks, up a flight of stone stairs, and through a long, gloomy corridor, entering at length a small room, having somewhat the character of an office. One who appeared to be a superior officer was writing at a desk, who looked up as they entered, the sergeant saluting. There was a pleasant smile on his face as he caught sight of Tommy.

'Whom have we here, Sergeant Small?'

'A recruit, captain. Name, Thomas Upright; age, ten years,' answered the sergeant, sharp and short.

'And is he desirous of joining the Coldstream Guards?' asked the captain, looking at Tommy.

'If you please, sir, I want to 'list for a soger.'

'I must explain to you, Tommy,' said the officer, kindly, 'that there are various classes of soldiers; some are tall, Grenadiers, like the sergeant; others are short, like my own Coldstreams, where there are some quite as short as you are. Then our soldiers have various occupations: some are gunners in the artillery, some are troopers in the cavalry, some are engineers, who build bridges, some are sappers and miners accustomed to shovel and pickaxe, some tend the wounded who have fallen in the field, and others "also serve who only stand and wait"; but all true soldiers serve under the same standard, and are strictly loyal to country, Queen, and God. Now, to what particular branch of the service do your inclinations tend.'

It must be confessed that Tommy was rather perplexed by so many different kinds of soldiers, and he hardly knew what to answer. He first of all thought he would like to be a Grenadier, but then, if all Grenadier's had legs like the sergeant's it would be impossible for him to keep step with them. The legs settled the question, as they had done many a question before.

'If you please, sir, sir I would like to join the Coldstream Guards.'

'Very good, Tommy, I think you have well chosen. I will not give you any further explanation at present, but you shall see the battalion at drill, and then if you are still of the same mind your name shall be entered on the roll.'

'What is it this evening, sergeant?'

'Volley-firing and sharp-shooting, sir.'

'Then perhaps you will take charge of our young recruit until we assemble in the drill hall, which will be in a very few minutes.'

'Very good, sir,' and saluting, also instructing Tommy to do the same, he passed out with his recruit. Tommy felt that it was absolutely necessary for him to keep step with the sergeant, and his attempts to do so as he crossed the barrack yard were ludicrous in the extreme. Although the sergeant was very sharp and short in answering questions, Tommy found him much more pleasant than he appeared to be at first, very kind-hearted and willing to explain many things that met the eye of the delighted boy with which he was unfamiliar. The grimness of the big soldier seemed to melt, as also did the awe with which Tommy was at first inspired, and they became quite chatty.

'Were you ever in a war, sergeant, and did you ever kill anyone?' asked Tommy, with that strange interest which boys seem to have in hearing about fighting and people being killed.

'I have been in wars, Tommy, and it has been my painful duty to take life; but I would at any time rather save than kill even an enemy.'

Tommy did not see the force of saving an enemy, and was about to make a remark to that effect, when he was startled by the clear notes of a bugle, and what surprised him was that it was being sounded by a little boy about his own age. He thought what a fine thing it would be to be able to play like that; perhaps he would be able to do so some day.

'The assembly is called,' said his conductor, sharply, 'and we must be going to drill.'

It seemed to Tommy that the sergeant was always grimmer when he had any work in hand or any duty before him, but he supposed sergeants were always like that.

In the drill hall Tommy found nearly two hundred boys assembled, ready for the captain as soon as he should make his appearance. And now it will be best to explain what it is probable our young readers already partly suspect, although it came somewhat as a surprise to Tommy Upright. For a long time past Captain Syme and Sergeant Small had conducted a weekly meeting of teetotal boys, who were known throughout the barracks as the 'Coldstream Guards.' Generally speaking they were the children of soldiers residing in barracks, but a great many came from the homes of civilians in the neighborhood, by whom the captain and sergeant were greatly respected. Of course when Tommy said that he wanted to enlist as a soldier in the Guards the sergeant was fully aware of the absurdity of such an application, but thinking he would make a suitable recruit for the Coldstreams he took the young applicant seriously and led him with assumed importance in to the captain; that officer, fully understanding the position, spoke to Tommy in the way he did, and invited him to 'drill' at the evening meeting.

Tommy thought the boys all seemed very happy, but rather noisy, until the captain entered, when the bugle sounded, and the sergeant shouted, 'Hats off!' There was then well-nigh perfect silence. Mounting a slightly raised platform, with the young bugler by his side, the captain briefly addressed the boys, saying that he desired them to fire a few volleys. The bugle then sounded, and the captain, speaking in a commanding voice, said:

'The name of your battalion?'

'The Coldstream Guards,' with united voices.

'Whom do you serve?'

'Our Queen, our country, and our God.'

'Why are you enrolled?'

'To fight the great enemy, Strong Drink.'

'In what respect is Strong Drink an enemy?'

'It dishonors our Queen, curses our country, and offends against our God.'

'Under what banner do you fight?'

'The banner of True Temperance,' and then, as the answer was shouted with increasing vigor, the bugle sounded, and the beautiful banner of the Coldstreams was unfurled amid great cheering.

Once more the bugle sounded, and again silence reigned while the captain continued to issue his commands.

'What should characterize your general conduct as soldiers?'

'Obedience to orders, endurance under hardships, courage in presence of the foe, a self-sacrificing spirit, and love towards God and man.'

'What are your special duties?'

'To help save those who have fallen through drink, and prevent others from falling.'

'What special means do you use?'

'The temperance pledge.'

Tommy listened with wonder and astonishment to this volley-firing, and felt that the sounds would be ringing in his ears for many a day. But 'drill' was not yet finished, and again the bugle sounded.

'We will now have a little sharp-shooting. Present arms!' and in a moment every right arm was uplifted, holding in the hand a pledge-book. 'Number one company, give the number of pledges taken during the last month. Sergeant Small will act as marker. Commence firing!' and Tommy heard a series of sharp calls like the crack of rifles.

'Two! One! Four! Three! One!' until every member of the company had fired, and then number two company was called upon, and so on through the hall.

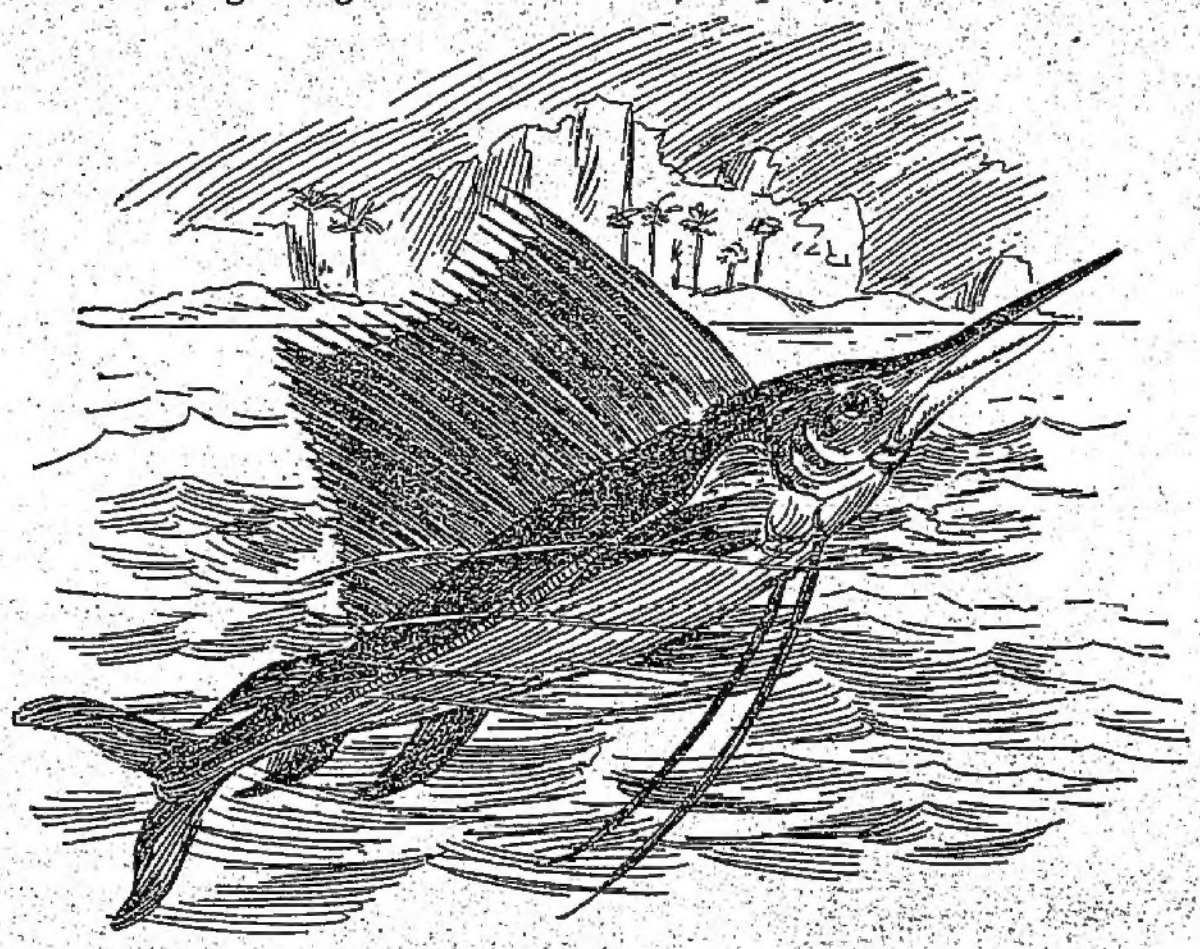
Tommy was delighted with all he saw and heard, and expressed an earnest desire to have his name enrolled.

'I shall be much pleased to enter your name, Tommy, but would like you first of all to obtain the consent of your parents, which I doubt not will be readily given. When you are enrolled you will receive a badge like those you see the other boys wearing, a pledge-book in which you will enter the names of recruits obtained, and a "soldier's catechism," in which you will find full instructions as to our principles and your particular duties. May you be upright in conduct, as you are in name, a worthy member of the Coldstream Guards, and a good soldier of Jesus Christ, who came into the world not to destroy but to save men.'

The captain shook Tommy kindly by the hand, who having given a real military salute retired, hastening home to tell all he had seen and heard, and ask permission forthwith to join the Coldstream Guards.—'Temple Record.'

The Sailor Fish.

The sailor swordfish is sometimes called the fan fish or sailfish, and is said to possess the power of raising or lowering the enormous dorsal fin just as a lady opens or closes her fan. In the seas around Ceylon these swordfishes sometimes attain the length of twenty feet. They raise the dorsal fin above the water while dashing along its surface in



their rapid course, and 'there is no reason to doubt that it occasionally acts as a sail.' The tail is deeply forked and the enormous fin is a uniform deep blue.—'Wellspring.'

Johnny's Sabbath.

(By Gertrude Van Etten, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

It was a bright June morning. The birds were singing, and the sweet wild roses that bloomed along the road, together with the lovely, balmy air, seemed enough to make anyone perfectly happy.

Yet Johnny Smith (who was on his way to church) did not feel happy, for he thought he would much rather spend the morning out in the bright sunshine or in the cool woods than in church. But he knew it would be useless to ask his mother to let him, for she had always taught him that he must attend church and Sabbath-school unless he was sick.

This morning his mother was ill, so that he had to go alone, and it just seemed as if Satan were going to take this time to make him feel dissatisfied and break the Sabbath.

It was a lovely walk, but Johnny didn't take any pleasure in it, because he kept saying to himself that he didn't see why he had to go and sit in that old church, when it was so much pleasanter outside.

Yet Johnny was a little Junior Endeavorer, and loved Jesus; but he was listening to the little evil voice, instead of the good voice, which was saying to him, 'If ye love me, keep my Commandments. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'

However, this voice would not be silent, but began to speak so loudly that Johnny had to listen, and finally he started off on a brusque walk to church, resolved to make the best of it.

But do you see his mistake? He was not sorry for his wrong thoughts, and did not ask Jesus to forgive him and help him overcome them, but tried to do it in his own strength.

Just as he was leaving the country road to go into the village, Tom Sleeter came along. Seeing Johnny, he said, 'Hello! Where are are you going?'

'Going to church,' answered Johnny.

'Going to church,' sneered Tom. 'Well, I should think anybody with any sense would try and enjoy himself such a fine day as this is, instead of going into a hot, stuffy church. Come along with me over into the woods. I was just wishing I could find some one to go with me. It's just lovely and cool along the river.'

Now Johnny's mother had warned him not to go with Tom Sleeter very much, for she didn't think he was a good boy, and was afraid he might lead Johnny astray.

He remembered his mother's warning, also the Fourth Commandment again flashed through his mind, so he said, 'No, I guess not, Tom. Mother wouldn't like it; besides, one of God's Commandments says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."'

'Oh,' answered Tom. 'Your mother needn't know it, and as for keeping the Sabbath day holy, you can keep it holy just as well in the woods as anywhere else. There certainly isn't any harm in sitting down quietly along the river. We'll have a good time, and it will be much pleasanter than sitting in a hot church.'

The woods did look so delightful, and Johnny had listened to that little evil voice so much that morning, and then had not sought God's forgiveness nor asked him to strengthen him. Was it any wonder that he yielded?

Yet, as they turned their steps backwards, he didn't feel altogether easy and happy. For he dearly loved his mother, and was pretty sure she would feel badly if she knew it. He also felt that Jesus was very much displeased.

But Tom kept talking about people being so strict about keeping the Sabbath, and that he didn't think God always wanted us to go to church, or he wouldn't have given us such lovely sunshine to tempt us out of doors, etc.

Whenever Johnny would say anything about his not feeling just right about it, Tom would have such a strong argument that Johnny finally quieted the still voice and began to enjoy himself.

They were having such a good time that the morning was gone before they knew it. Suddenly, just as they were going to start for home, Johnny's foot slipped, and with an agonized cry he fell into the water.

Oh, what would Tom Sleeter have given then if he had only let Johnny go to church! What should he do? He cried for help, but no one came. He could not swim himself, and Johnny came to the surface, once, twice. What could he do? What could he do? Must he see Johnny go down for the last time with no

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LESSON VI.—AUG. 7.

Elijah's Spirit on Elisha.

II. Kings ii., 6-15. Memory verses 11-14. Read the chapter.

Golden Text.

'How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.' Luke xi., 13.

Daily Readings.

M. II. Kings i., 1-18.—The death of Ahaziah.
T. II. Kings ii., 1-25. — Elijah's Spirit on Elisha.
W. Luke xi., 1-13. — 'Ask and it shall be given you.'
T. Acts i., 1-14.—Christ's promise of the Spirit.
F. Acts ii., 1-13.—The Holy Spirit given.
S. I. Pet. i., 1-25.—'The Spirit of Christ . . . was in them.'
S. Gal. v., 1-26.—'Let us also walk in the Spirit.'

Lesson Story.

Elijah, the great prophet, was about to lay down his earthly burdens and Elisha, his servant, had been anointed to carry on his work.

Elisha accompanied his master on the journey from Gilgal, and as they passed the schools of the young prophets at Bethel and Jericho, they were reminded that Elijah was to be taken away. Then Elijah asked Elisha not to go any further with him, but Elisha lovingly insisted on accompanying him. Fifty of the young prophets stood at a distance to watch what would happen.

When Elijah and Elisha came to the Jordan Elijah folded his mantle and smote the water with it. Immediately the waters parted and the two prophets walked across on dry ground. Then Elijah asked Elisha what he should do for him, and Elisha asked for a double portion of the spirit which had inspired and led Elijah through all these years. Elisha had asked a hard thing, but he asked in faith, and the old prophet promised that his request should be granted if Elisha should see him taken away.

And as they went on they were suddenly surrounded by flames which appeared as chariots and horses of fire, and Elijah was carried away by a whirlwind, up to heaven.

When Elisha saw it he cried, 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.' He took up the mantle that had fallen from his master and with it smote the waters calling on the God of Elijah. The waters parted on either side and Elisha went over. When the young prophets of the Jericho school saw him cross over they all recognized that the spirit of Elijah had fallen on Elisha, so they treated him with great honor and reverence. Fifty strong men went out to search for Elijah, but they could not find him, for God had taken him up to heaven.

By the hand of Elisha God purified a bitter spring, thus showing that he truly was Elijah's successor.

Lesson Hints.

'Elisha'—the young prophet whom God had bidden Elijah anoint in his stead, I. Kings xix., 19, 21.

'Elijah' — who had probably reorganized these schools of the prophets and done much other quiet work since he had learned that God was in the 'still, small voice.'

'They two went on'—In sweet communion. Those who are privileged to walk and talk with aged saints gain much in those last days.

'Sons of the prophets'—the students of the prophets' schools.

'Wrapped it together'—folded it that he might use it as a rod.

'Smote'—as Moses smote the water, Ex. vii., 20.

'Ask'—a last request.

'A double portion'—the portion of the eldest son. Elisha realized his need and asked for the one thing needful.

'A hard thing'—Elijah could not bestow such a gift, but he fervently prayed that God would do so, for all things are possible with God.

'Elijah went up'—to be with God.

'My father'—Elijah had been a father to Elisha and a source of strength to all Israel.

'Chariot of Israel and horsemen' — one such man as Elijah was worth more to the nation than a whole army.

'Saw him no more'—he was safe in heaven, but he appeared once more on earth, at the time of our Lord's transfiguration, Matt., xvii., 3.

'The Lord God of Elijah'—God who had worked so wondrously through Elijah would do the same for Elisha. Elisha asked for the Holy Spirit and believed he should receive. God waits to give each one of us His Spirit in all fulness but we are too limited. O that we may prepare our hearts for him, and ask God to fill us with His Spirit!

Questions to Be Studied at Home.

1. Who was king of Israel at this time?
2. When do we first hear of Elisha?
3. When do we last hear of Elijah appearing?
4. Did Elijah die?
5. How did Elisha prove that he was Elijah's successor?

Suggested Hymns.

'Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, alone,' 'Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,' 'Take time to be holy,' 'There's a royal banner,' 'Do something for Jesus to-day.'

Practical Points

A. H. CAMERON.

Aug. 7.

The Lord has special rewards for all his faithful servants. Verse 6.

Jordan was the scene of many interesting events. Verses 7, 8: also II. Kings v., 14: Matt. iii.

God's grace and power are such that none can ever ask too much. Verses 9, 10.

If we, like Elijah, bring down fire from heaven, by our prayers, we also shall have an abundant entrance into our father's kingdom. Verses 11, 12.

Elijah's mantle in itself had no more virtue than the robe of Ahab. But God chooses his own instruments to perform his wonders. Verses 13, 14.

A man is known by his companions. Verse 15: also, Acts iv., 13.

Tiverton, Ont.

The Lesson Illustrated.

Our blackboard to-day pictures two ascensions, that of our lesson, Elijah, the trumpet of the Lord, caught up in a whirlwind, his mantle falling upon his successor, Elisha. Giving him the double portion (not twice

as much, but the elder son's portion), twice the share of any other son in inheriting the father's property, of the great prophet's power. The other reminds us of the blessed Lord's ascension and promise, and of the Spirit that should come from him upon us.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Aug. 7.—Lessons from the life of Elijah. I. Kings xviii., 20-39.

Fitness For the Work of Teaching.

Canova, that great master of sculpture in its most delicate and minute forms of beauty, spent long years of patient toil in reaching that perfection of art which has immortalized his name. If so much has been done to make the dead marble to become almost instinct with life, let teachers do all they can to bring into beautiful forms of real, spiritual life, the dear children who are committed to their care.

This training or fitness is not intellectual or literary purely, although both of these qualifications are proper, and to a certain extent must be regarded as indispensable. Without them what could the teacher do in forming human minds after the scriptural model, or stamping them with a proper image? Knowledge, righteousness and true holiness imply intelligence. Still, these qualifications are but a poor fitness for the work of the Sabbath-school if they constitute all the ability of the teacher. The grand fitness for the successful performance of this work is spiritual. The teachers who would be successful in saving the souls of the children committed to their care, must themselves be in communication with the spiritual world. Their natures must be under the sanctifying grace of Christ. 'If you place two harps in the same room, and strike a chord of one of them, the same chord of the other harp will vibrate at the sound.' So when the grace of God has thrilled our souls, bringing sweet moral music out of us as from instruments played upon by the fingers of God, those around us will often chime in the swelling song. How is it possible for scholars to remain indifferent to the subject of their soul's salvation, when it is pressed upon their attention by the tremulous utterances of spiritual-minded teachers? No mere advancement in scriptural knowledge—no finish, however perfect it may be, which under the plastic hand of the teacher the scholar may exhibit, where true piety does not present itself, will bound the desires or crown the exertions of the devout teacher. The love of Christ is a burning passion, rising in intensity with every increase of divine light. Perhaps it may be said that in proportion as this takes possession of the teacher will success crown the exertions put forth in the Sabbath-school. This spiritual fitness for the work will secure the aid of God in answer to prayer. A teacher who attends the school with prayerful interest—who prays in order to be prepared for the task assigned—who prays when performing the work—and who follows the work with earnest pleadings to God for his blessing, cannot fail. We would advise all Sabbath-school teachers to become as intelligent as possible, but be sure to add to this deep, growing, active religious life.—'Christian Guardian.'

The Occasional Teacher.

Yours must be a whole-hearted service. One hears of people who take up the Sunday-school as a kind of interesting religious diversion. They come to it occasionally. The occasional Sunday-school teacher—unless it be one whose special engagements in life—or possibly weakness of constitution—render it impossible for him to guarantee regular service—the occasional Sunday-school teacher is a person I have never been able to understand, and I am perfectly certain he will not accomplish much good. When men have got past the vigor of their powers; when they have got to years when it is hardly possible for them to enter exactly into the feelings and to adapt themselves intimately to the thoughts and desires of children, they might now and then give a lesson which would be productive of immense benefit; the results of their experience, their own knowledge and their fellowship with Christ might be condensed into an occasional lesson, the benefit of which it would not be easy to estimate. But a man in the vigor of life, a man in the prime of his Christian profession, who simply condescends occasionally to visit the Sunday-school, and give a lesson, indicates that he is absolutely unconscious of the solemn responsibility that belongs to the office, and that he lacks the intense earnestness of purpose which I hold is essential to success. You must have a love for the work; it must be the one work of your life, or it is not probable that you will succeed in it. —Dr. Guinness Rogers.

We must not conclude that because so many children are on the books that the work is done. We must not conclude that, because so many good people give their time to this work that necessarily the work is done. No, there is nothing done unless the Holy Ghost does it. We never personally go a step towards heaven without the Holy Spirit, and we never lead a child one inch towards it apart from the Holy Ghost. Our work must be begun, continued, and ended by the Holy Spirit working in us, and he will do it at his own good pleasure. The more we recognize this as an absolute fact the better; for fact it is. We must have the Holy Spirit, and if we have him not, all our machinery will stand still, or if it goes on it will produce no effect whatever. —Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Word to Fathers.

Every child's conception of God as Father must vary with the character from which it is derived. A lady past middle life once said that she found happiness and comfort in thinking about God as the Saviour and as the Holy Spirit, but that the fatherhood of God had little attractiveness for her. Her earliest recollections were of a father who was stern and unloving, and her idea of God the Father was, consequently, of one strictly just to his children, but without love for them. She could not love this deity, although she feared him, and wished with all the yearning of a tender heart that he were God the mother, that she might love him. Even after long years of experience of his fatherly love she could not wholly free her mind from her childish misconception.

A minister was once talking to a little Scotch boy about the delights of heaven. Sandy had listened attentively for some time, and finally asked, 'Will my fayther be there?'

'Oh, yes!' the minister answered, anxious to take advantage of the home-like aspect of heaven. 'Your father is a good man, and he will certainly be there.' 'Weel, then,' responded Sandy, with the sigh of a relinquished hope, 'I'll na' gae.' If God is the Father, if heaven is the home, should there not be pains taken to make these types such that they will not repel the children, but will teach the truths our Father intended all should learn when he set the solitary in families.—'Sunday School Times.'

Fish For the Table.

(By Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, in 'Christian Work.')

It is a well known fact that we eat too much meat. I know of many families where one sees fish upon the table only in fried form (the most unwholesome way), and at most but once per week.

When a member of the family is attacked with some nervous trouble, he consults a physician, who orders a nerve tonic. This expense would be unnecessary if they took care to have a well rounded diet. Eat less meat and more fish; the former is stimulating, while fish acts in an entirely opposite direction somewhat as a sedative, while at the same time it supplies those elements which feed the brain, a fact that should not be overlooked, especially for growing children.

When establishing a reform along these lines, one should vary the fish diet, and not adhere to the time-honored custom of fried cod, and fried mackerel and baked blue fish. There are dozens of more appetizing dishes, and some of them have been sadly neglected by the housewife.

Fried fish may be served occasionally, but much that is fried may be broiled, and thus made far more healthful, and this should apply directly to highly flavored fish, which many have heretofore been unable to eat. Grease the broiler, and broil it instead, turning often to prevent burning; season with butter, pepper and salt, serve immediately, and I feel safe in saying that you will not be troubled with indigestion. Rock cod, scrod, mackerel and shad should be split for broiling. Halibut, salmon and swordfish are broiled in slices. The best cured fish for broiling is finnan haddie.

Smelts, which are usually fried in fat, are much better when boiled in salted water, when the bones may easily be removed; by using a frying basket they will keep their shape.

Butter fish, flounders, cunners, eels, and among the fresh water fish trout, bass, perch and pickerel, belong more properly to the frying fraternity. Eels should be parboiled before cooking. In frying trout the head and tail may be skewered together and fried in a circle. Large trout, bass, perch or pickerel are excellent when baked.

Halibut's neck is a choice boiling piece, being almost free from bone and quite gelatinous; a whole neck weighs from two and one-half to four pounds, but a half neck is usually sold for a small family. When boiling fish wrap it in a clean, thin cloth to preserve its shape.

A fine sauce to serve with either boiled or baked fish is made as follows: One tablespoonful butter, one of flour and a teacupful of sweet milk; rub flour and butter together, add milk slowly, let come to a boil, and season with salt and pepper. Some use water or strained soup stock instead of the milk, while many add capers or chopped parsley as a garnish.

Rock cod or scrod, which is very low priced on the coast is excellent when split, dusted with flour, salt, pepper and bits of butter, and baked in the oven, adding a little sweet milk to prevent burning. Finnan haddie at ten cents per pound is also excellent cooked in this way.

When baking fish use a dressing when possible; this is easily done with cod, haddock, shad, etc., but only the upper cut of bluefish can be stuffed. Never remove the heads; instead take out the eyes, tongue, etc., and wash thoroughly; scar the back, lay in thin slices of pork, dredge with flour, season with salt and pepper, and baste often; a cup of water is usually sufficient for the pan.

A double bottom baking pan is the best; from this flat tin the fish may be removed without breakage. Parsley and sliced lemon are the favorite garnishings; lemon should always be served with highly seasoned fish, a few drops of the juice makes it more digestible.

A Household Auxiliary.

In the building of houses, especially in cities and towns, architectural effect is so much more thought of than all other considerations that conveniences and even necessities are not infrequently omitted. Trimness and style take precedence over everything else, and when the occupants take possession they find themselves seriously put about because of a lack of suitable storage space in the way of pantries, closets, cupboards and the like.

Housework is greatly simplified and women's work is made much easier if there is an abundance of room for the various utensils and other needs of the multifarious occupations that occupy their ever busy hands.

Houses of any size should have a pastry and milk room, a place for the ice box, and special cupboards and closets for the kitchen cooking things, the flour, lard and other cake, bread and pastry materials. An out-of-the-way corner for preserving conveniences should not be forgotten. It is, however, well to have in the attic two barrels—one for jelly glasses and one for fruit cans. Whenever these are emptied they should be washed, dried, and put into their respective barrels. The attic is better than the cellar, as in the latter the covers get damp, and either gather gray mold or rust. A third barrel is for empty tin cans. These are to be cleaned as soon as emptied and stored for future use. They come in use most admirably when there are plants to repot, or places in roofs that must be patched where the sides of the can, after top and bottom are melted off, make a tin shingle, that is one of the handiest things in the world to patch with.

Every house, large or small, should have a back room, answering to the old-fashioned wood-shed. It may have a floor over at least a portion of the ground, and must have shelves and plenty of hooks and nails on the rafters and beams. It is, of course, better if finished, but its uses, even as mere shell, are so many that the wonder is that any one ever gets along without it. In all moderate matters it will be found of great use for jobs that are better done outside of the kitchen. It furnishes a place for tubs, pails, kettles, and the thousand and one articles that make confusion and crowding in the ordinary kitchen, which in most houses is too small for comfort or convenience.

An addition, eight or ten feet wide by ten or twelve feet long will pay for itself, in labor-saving every year.—N. Y. 'Ledger.'

Selected Recipes.

POTATO SALAD.

For a nice potato salad boil four good-sized potatoes until they are just done, no longer. Drain off the water, sprinkle them with salt, and stand them over the stove until dry and mealy. While the potatoes are boiling prepare the dressing. Put a teaspoonful of salt and a half-teaspoonful of pepper in a bowl. Add gradually three table-spoonfuls of oil. Stir until the salt is dissolved, then add three more tablespoonfuls of oil, then beat into this two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cut into this one good-sized onion. The onion must be sliced as thin as possible. Now, as soon as the potatoes are dry, take them in a napkin and slice them while hot in with the onion and dressing. Mix lightly with a fork, and turn out on the serving dish. Garnish with cold boiled beets and parsley. Serve cold.—Presbyterian Worker.'

CREAMED BEEF.

Scrape perfectly lean beef to pulp, mince, put in a pan with salt, pepper, one tablespoonful of water, two tablespoonfuls of rich cream, butter the size of an egg. Cook two minutes, stirring constantly. Add one tablespoonful of cracker-dust, one teaspoonful of made mustard.

Two Masters.

Ye cannot serve two masters. Yet most men have many masters, and newspaper men are no exception. The proprietor's pocket-book comes first in the ordinary newspaper world. Party, when it contributes to the pocket-book, comes next, and following these come others, according to circumstances.

The 'Witness' is the exception that proves the rule. Money is not its first consideration, or it would not refuse over $30,000 for advertising which it will not insert for moral reasons. It frequently denounces party measures and party politicians when it believes they are wrong. No, the 'Witness' makes for certain principles conscientiously, and always supports what it believes to be right, and wages war against what it believes to be wrong, regardless of personal or party interests. It makes mistakes, but who does not? Which kind of paper do you prefer, a party paper, or an independent paper? The word independent is not used here as one frequently sees it used, to indicate license to flop from one party to another, according as to which will pay the highest for support. The 'Witness,' in that sense, is not independent, as it is a slave to principles.

To repeat the question asked above, which kind of paper do you prefer?

If you do not take the 'Witness,' and would like to make the acquaintance of a sincerely independent paper, send us twenty-five cents in three cent stamps, and we will send you either the 'Daily Witness' for one month, or the 'Weekly Witness' for three months; or, if you prefer to subscribe for a year, the rates are:

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